

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 2009

How do regular bloggers come up with relevant titles for their posts all the time? I mean, how many titles can one come up with in a lifetime? And usernames? I've given up with all that. I have enough identity issues in real life, don't make me come up with even more virtual labels.

I'm completely out of whack again. I think I know what brought it on this time, and believe me, for once in my life I'm not going to put it into a blog, no matter how vague I try to be or how savvy with double-talk. You know. Trying to convey messages without getting busted. If you have spent a good amount of time blogging then you most likely developed that skill. It's what people do who have pretty much lost touch with normal ways of staying in touch. Or is it just me?

So it's back to the clinic in a couple weeks. Time for the inspection and tune-up. I am sporting a whole new set of things to whine about this time. Plus, all the old ones as well, but magnified. The small numb spot that's been hanging out on my right arm? It's spread. All along the outside. I know arms don't have outsides, but you know- the outer part of it. The inner side is normal. It's totally numb. It used to be the size of a quarter. Just one spot, right in the middle. What's weird? On the left arm, it's numb in that same spot! In the exact location! But on that arm, it's still a small area.

I'm having stabbing pains in the top of my head at night. Also, twitching all over in random places all over my body. Muscle spasms. All over. All the time. When I'm lying still.

Also, each night I am serenaded to sleep to the sound of ringing in my ears. I've gotten so used to

it I hardly notice it any more. Today, I feel as if I am 1,000 pounds. My body feels so heavy. I cry when I start talking. My head hurts.

Everything is magnified. I never felt this bad except when it all first started. I surrender, I'm going back and I'm going to cooperate and get scanned twice a year like he said. When the neuro said that to me last spring, I pretty much told him off and went back to work. Why can't I do both? Why is my mind so black and white? So divided? Healthy/Sick? Why can't I take care of myself medically AND be proactive and have a normal life? At the same time? I think I'm afraid nobody will hire me if they knew what I experience sometimes. Because I can't work like that. But it goes away!!!!!! And there I am, unemployed, and feeling fine. I'm on a merry go round.

All I can think to do is for now, try to work from home if I can. And try to learn a new job that doesn't wear me out. But the problem is my ability to retain new information. I can't remember numbers or new procedure. It doesn't stick. I've gotten by so far by hiding it. That's why I don't do anything new. I go back to the job I know how to do, it hardly pays, but it doesn't require remembering that much.

I plan on finishing my degree but it's going to take a long time. I want to try taking a few internet courses first and see how that goes. I have plans. Goals. Creative ones, too. This thing comes and whacks me right when I'm at a peak. Or is it a low? I don't know how to view anything anymore. I've lost faith completely in my judgement and decisions. I just made a terrible one. And now I have to mend that as well. "Mend" in the way of undoing something that shouldn't have been done AT ALL. God have mercy.

I look at my life and I know that I know. God is the only thing I do right. I can pray, and He hears, I can rest, and I'm in His hands. I can think with the brain He gave me. I can type. But NONE OF IT

MAKES ANY SENSE. What's happening to my brain? I keep having dreams of wheelchairs. I'm scared. Someone said that I just tried to run again and this isn't something I can escape. I didn't realize I was escaping. But even if I was, what's so wrong about that? Don't all prisoners try to escape? My body is like a prison to me. I don't want to see it that way. I'm trying to see things differently. I'm really trying to learn to do this better. I never asked for this. And I haven't laid down and given up. I keep trying and I do overcome and I do carry on. But I must be going in circles because I keep ending up in the same spot.